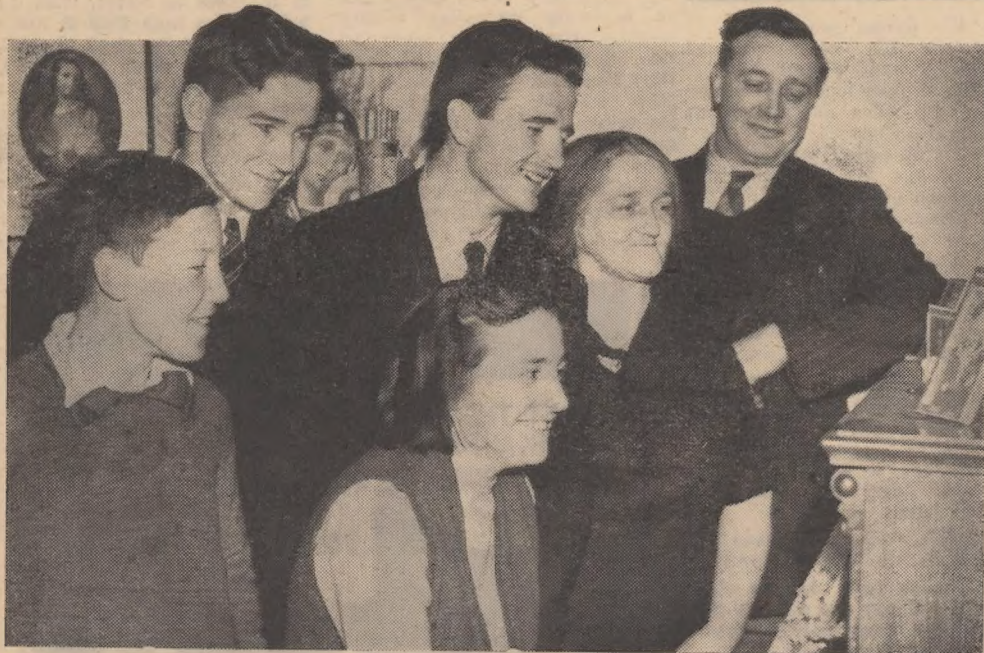


Good 512 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

When the old hands went to war, kids not old enough to fight took the field and played first-class football writes TOM BENTLEY the international referee



CHORUS OF GOOD CHEER for A.B. John Burden

IT was our lucky day when we called at your home, 60 Byron Street, Barrow-in-Furness, Able Seaman John Malacy Burden.

Mother, Dad, and all your brothers and sisters, were home, and Cousin Tom (Thomas Austin McKenna, you know) had just blown in with a big surprise after being away with the Merchant Navy for 29 months without ever once getting back home.

Well, you can imagine how excited they all were when that burly boxing father of yours gave us an Irish welcome and assured Ma that our visit was a good omen.

Everybody wants to know if you've got a girl yet. Too bad, isn't it?

"He used to say Ma is still my only sweetheart," Dad told us, and you ought to have seen mother smile at that.

Your big sister, Kathleen,

was just going down to the dance at the Sacred Heart, and we got you all weighed-up when she whispered, "Tell Tom I'll give his love to all the girls down there." All the girls, mind you! Do give your shipmates a chance, Tom!

Then mother chimed in. "I'm making him a Christmas cake," she said, "and I hope he enjoys it better than he did the last one."

Too bad of those chaps, wasn't it, to gobble it all up before you got a smell of it? Anyway, they told you it was good, didn't they, and that's some consolation!

By the way, Cousin Norman (McKenna) was with that long-lost mariner we found there. Norman is still working in the shipyard. He's a bit envious of

you and cousin Tom, but he can't help it. He's doing what he's been told to do, and if it hadn't been for the likes of him you wouldn't have any submarines, anyway.

Your sister, Teresa, now sweet seventeen, is getting as pretty as 21-year-old Kathleen, and Gerard, now a manly fourteen, is waiting to tell you all you don't know about submarines. He's quite an authority and thinks it will be an awful shame if the war is over before he can give a hand.

But, joking apart, they're a very happy lot at the corner shop. They've had the war very near to their doorstep, as you well know, but that fund of Irish humour which they all possess keeps them going.

Babes of Soccer

WHEN the "babes of soccer" began to take the field in British football—after war came—they never thought that those very youngsters were starting what is to be a new era of youth throughout the game.

For they have come to stay—these brilliant kids who would never have been given a chance in the days of peace. They came when the old hands went to war. When the professionals exchanged footballs for rifles, the juvenile players—not yet old enough to fight—were the only ones to choose from. And kids with genius were found.

They took the field and thrilled the popular side with trickery astounding in lads of such tender years. They were too rosy-cheeked to put on khaki or blue. But they could learn first-class football on the top-class teams. And they did.

The game was kept going by youngsters who were waiting to fight, and until they were called up they filled up the gaps very well in the first-class football teams of England.

So now they're a fixture in the fixtures. Managers, trainers, all the big white chiefs of soccer, have learned that youth can put quite a good leg forward if they're given the chance. And quite a hefty foot, too!

And many of the boys who have been playing for first-rate clubs, and are now in the Forces, are "marked men" for whenever they return from war. They were good, and they will have places in the big teams when they come back.

Now come with me on a tour of football's clubland. We will peep in through the open windows of the first-class soccer

clubs, and while nobody is looking our way, or taking any particular notice, we'll shine the humble spotlight on the youngsters who are causing the football kings to smile and raise their eyebrows.

Here there's a slip of a lad whose chubby cheeks belie his steel-like sinews. And over there—no, not the big man... the little thin laddie taking his football boots off—is a seeming schoolboy with a kick like an ox.

Like faces in a misty picture, they would seem only the scattered remnants of a dream. So untrue it seems.

They are so young and immature for the great top-liners of a wartime world. But they have been tried, and now they're trusted, too.

Even the name of one of these lads—Aldecoa—has about it the atmosphere of romance. His name stirs the winds of foreign mystery, but his football is as British as the game.

And his background is romantic, too. For he's a refugee of the Spanish Civil War who is still running with the "Wolves." He's a "Wolverhampton Wanderers' find." He showed fine form in English soccer last season, and he's keeping the ball rolling this season as well.

A country cannot become more cosmopolitan in wartime without a little extra colour creeping also into football. If you move over to Lincoln City, and glance into the training ground, you'll notice yet another foreigner.

His birthplace was Poland, and he's a young man from the Polish Forces. Yes, he has that unmistakable Continental look, and his name is Pawlor. Lincoln City has been try-

ing him as inside-right—and he scored the winning goal in a match between Lincoln and Notts County four minutes from the end of the game!

Take a train with me across England to the holiday playground of the North, and you'll find two more juvenile discoveries near the seaside sands. A pair of A.T.C. cadets deputised so well for Matthews and Mortensen in the Blackpool side that the club's high-ups said: "Hold those boys."

They are 17-year-old Jack Cross, at outside-right, and 16-year-old Don Eakin, his partner. Near the end of the match Eakin scored from a pass by Cross.

Any Tuesday or Thursday evening you can see young talent practising at the Burnley club's ground. In their "nursery team" they have quite a little handful of useful lads.

Mather, their left full-back, who joined the club when he was 16, came from the "nursery team." And it was all the talk last season that he held Matthews in one game as he had not been held before.

If we continue our travelling check-up of the teams, we'll find that Doncaster Rovers are making a big-scale job of developing young talent. Their team the other Saturday consisted of eight local juniors.

And way up in the top ranks of this brigade of youth is George Hardwick, of Middlesbrough, who has stepped into the shoes of Eddie Hapgood as England's left-back.

George comes from the South Bank "nursery team"—the one which produced George Elliott, Jack Carr, Mannion, Fenton. And the others.

Hardwick signed as a professional at 17, and found himself suddenly in the league side. Now he's 23—and on the up-and-up.

Next on our visiting list is Preston North End, where almost any Saturday you might hear club chairman Jim Taylor telling some interested friend the reason why they did not play in the league during the war period. It was so that they could run three junior teams with promising youngsters.

Yes, they've made a few "finds," too. One lad—Tommy Finney by name—is a second Matthews.

Many of these youngsters, by the way, would have given a month's wages to have been included in a little trip which took place recently, and which is a news item we cannot leave out of print.

The Football Association took a team by air to battle-scarred Europe—to organise soccer on the former playing fields of Nazi barbarism. What else could be a greater herald of peace than a British football team on foreign soil?

They played one match against a French team in Paris, and another with a Belgian side in Brussels.

And a letter has reached a football friend of mine from Matt Busby, Liverpool's former captain and coach. The matches were a real tonic, he said, to British troops.



Brenda speaking: "Remember, I'm nearly six years old now, you great big sailor. I know you used to have to take me to school when I was only a little girl—just five I was then—but I can go all by myself now—so there. Don't forget to write to me again, and when you come back to Barrow we'll sing some more songs together and have lots of fun." Whereupon, twelve-year-old Joan, tinkling on the piano, was so jealous that we just couldn't get her in the picture at all.

Berrill from next door; and we believe you used to call her Mary, too, when you lodged next door to the other Mary.

Let us leave them to fight it out whilst you walk with us in fancy down the road.

A.B. S.T. Tommy Jackson leads the way, with a "Good Morning" staff reporter on his left and our photographer on his right. Tommy guides us safely into a port call on the right-hand side.

Three thirsty men drink a toast to an absent submarine man.

"Pity Mac ain't with us now," says Tommy, and we agree.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Now, just to wipe that silly grin off your face, this time you'll hold the nail!"

Mosquitoes

WHEN we first took over the Pacific islands, there were clouds of insects everywhere," says Brig.-Gen. R. W. Bliss, assistant surgeon-general of the U.S. Army.

"To-day, if we locate one mosquito we consider it comparable to finding a four-leaf clover."

A Veteran's Family Greet O.S. Vic McLean

IT took all our winning ways and the help of a tough sailorman to get this delightful picture of your pretty girlfriend for you, Ordinary Seaman Victor McLean.

Mary was a bit suspicious when we called at the Jackson home—No. 89 Ramsden Street, Barrow-in-Furness—and said "Good morning." Thought we were trying to drag her into a contract that hasn't been made yet, and you know what we mean.

So she went to tell Papa all about us, and, much to our surprise, veteran Thomas Henry Jackson, A.B., S.T., came dashing round the corner into the sitting-room, his face covered with lather and a brush in his hand, to see what the boys were up to.

Then it was Mary's turn to get a surprise.

"Good Morning" — good gracious. Good afternoon!" said Pop.

Yes, he was surprised, too. This was the day he had been looking forward to, and it had happened just when he was home on 48 hours' leave. "Good Morning" couldn't

have called at a more appropriate time.

In less time than it takes a submarine to get into action, Tommy had the soap and the whiskers off his face and was pushing Mary in front of the camera.

"It's all right if Dad says so," Mary agreed.

And Dad really ought to know, because he's had thirty years' service in the Royal Navy. More than eighteen of these years have been spent in submarines. He's 48 now, and since he was a mere lad he's only had the three years just before this war in civvies.

"Tell Vic I'm looking forward to seeing him again," said Mary. "I'm still working at the shop and doing my bit at the W.V.S. canteen in my spare time. I'm going there now for an hour or two, and then I'm going to write Vic a letter and tell him you've been."

Now, your little sweetheart, Brenda, wants to speak to you, Vic. You'll see her in the picture, too. All the boys call you "Mac," she says, but she thinks Vic is nicer.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.



So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Fust Mate takes a hand

"THE fust mate grewed something and went on deck, and the skipper started examining of 'em again. He said they was wonderfully patient lying in bed so long, an' he had 'em wrapped up in bedclo'es and carried on deck, so as the pure air could have a go at 'em. We had to do the carrying, an' there they sat, breathing the pure air and looking at the fust mate out of the corners of their eyes. If they wanted anything from below one of us had to go an' fetch it, an' by the time they was taken down to bed again, we all resolved to be took ill too.

"Only two of 'em did it though, for Harry, who was a powerful ugly-tempered chap, swore he'd do all sorts o' dreadful things to us if we didn't keep well and hearty, an' all 'cept these two did. One of 'em, Mike Rafferty, laid up with a swelling on his ribs, which I knew myself he 'ad 'ad for fifteen years, and the other chap had paralysis. I never saw a man so reely happy as the skipper was. He was up an' down with his medicines and his instruments all day long, and used to make notes of the cases in a big pocket-book, and read 'em to the second mate at meal-times.

"The fo'c'sle had been turned into hospital about a week, an' I was on deck doing some odd job or the other, when the cook comes up to me pulling a face as long as a fiddle.

"'Nother invalid,' ses he; 'fust mate's gone stark, staring mad.'

"'Mad?' ses I. 'Yes,' ses he. 'He's got a big basin in the galley, an' he's laughing like a hyener an' mixing bilge-water an' ink, an'

paraffin an' butter an' soap an' all sorts o' things up together. The smell's enough to kill a man; I've had to come away.'

"Curious-like, I jest walked up to the galley an' puts my 'ed in, an' there was the mate as the cook said, smiling all over his face, and lading some thick sticky stuff into a stone bottle.

"How's the pore sufferers, sir?' ses he, stepping out of the galley jest as the skipper was going by.

"They're very bad; but I hope for the best,' ses the skipper, looking at him hard. 'I'm glad to see you've turned a bit more feeling.'

"Yes, sir,' ses the mate. 'I didn't think so at fust, but I can see now them chaps is all very ill. You'll scuse me saying it, but I don't quite approve of your treatment.'

"I thought the skipper would ha' bust.

"My treatment?' ses he. 'My treatment? What do you know about it?'

"You're treating 'em wrong, sir,' ses the mate. 'I have here' (patting the jar) 'a remedy which 'ud cure them all if you'd only let me try it.'

"Pooh!' ses the skipper. 'One medicine cure all diseases! The old story. What is it? Where'd you get it from?' ses he.

"I brought the ingredients aboard with me,' ses the mate. 'It's a wonderful medicine discovered by my grandmother, an' if I might only try it I'd thoroughly cure them pore chaps.'

"Rubbish!' ses the skipper. 'Very well, sir,' ses the mate, shrugging his shoulders. 'O' 'em, course, if you won't let me you won't. Still I tell you, if you'd skipper.

"How do you feel?' ses the spoonful all round as the skipper left, an' the chaps what wasn't

Concluding—A CHANGE OF TREATMENT By W. W. JACOBS

let me try I'd cure 'em all in two days. That's a fair challenge.'

"Well, they talked, and talked, and talked, until at last the skipper give way and went down below with the mate, and told the chaps they was to take the new medicine for two days, jest to prove the mate was wrong.

"Let pore old Dan try it fust, sir,' ses Harry, starting up, an' sniffing as the mate took the cork out; 'he's been awful bad since you've been away.'

"Harry's worse than I am, sir,' ses Dan; 'it's only his kind heart that makes him say that.'

"It don't matter which is fust,' ses the mate, filling a tablespoon with it, 'there's plenty for all. Now, Harry.'

"Take it,' ses the skipper.

"Harry took it, an' the fust he made you'd ha' thought he was swallowing a football. It stuck all round his mouth, and he carried on so dreadful that the other invalids was half sick afore it came to them.

"By the time the other three 'ad 'ad theirs it was as good as a pantermime, an' the mate corked the bottle up, and went an' sat down on a locker while they tried to rinse their mouths out with the luxuries which had been given 'em.

"How do you feel?' ses the spoonful all round as the skipper left, an' the chaps what wasn't

"I'm dying,' ses Dan.

"So'm I,' ses Harry; 'I b'leeve the mate's pisoned us.'

"The skipper looks over at the mate very stern an' shakes his 'ed slowly.

"It's all right,' ses the mate. 'It's always like that the first dozen or so doses.'

"Dozen or so doses!' ses old Dan, in a far-away voice.

"It has to be taken every twenty minutes,' ses the mate, pulling out his pipe and lighting it; an' the four men groaned all together.

"I can't allow it,' ses the skipper, 'I can't allow it. Men's lives mustn't be sacrificed for an experiment.'

"Tain't a experiment,' ses the mate very indignant, 'it's an old family medicine.'

"Well, they shan't have any more,' ses the skipper firmly.

"Look here,' ses the mate. 'If I kill any one o' these men I'll give you twenty pound. Honour bright, I will.'

"Make it twenty-five,' ses the skipper, considering.

"Very good,' ses the mate.

"Twenty-five; I can't say no fairer than that, can I? It's about time for another dose now.'

"He gave 'em another table-spoonful all round as the skipper left, an' the chaps what wasn't

invalids nearly bust with joy. He wouldn't let 'em have anything an' if the fust mate's ears didn't to take the taste out, 'cos he said it didn't give the medicine a two pore sufferers said about chance, an' he told us other chaps 'im, they ought to.

"After the fifth dose, the invalids began to get desperate, an' when they heard they'd got to be woke up every twenty minutes through the night to take the stuff, they sort o' give up. Old Dan said he felt a gentle glow stealing over him and strengthening him, and Harry said that it felt like a healing balm to his lungs. All of 'em agreed it was a wonderful sort o' medicine, an' arter the sixth dose

the man with paralysis dashed up on deck, and ran up the rigging like a cat. He sat there for hours spitting, an' swore he'd brain anybody who interrupted him, an' arter a little while Mike Rafferty went up and j'ined him, burn by reason of the things them

"They was all doing full work next day, an' though, o' course, the skipper saw how he'd been done, he didn't allude to it. Not in words, that is; but when a man tries to make four chaps do the work of eight, an' hits 'em when they don't, it's a easy job to see where the shoe pinches."

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.



I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



A SMALL blackboard outside an East London cottage a little while ago proclaimed: "Open now—Doodle-bug show. Admission 1d. and 3d."

Into the house and out to the small back-yard went 43 women and children from neighbouring houses to howl and cheer with delight at the opening performance of "Murder in the Red Barn."

As the audience took their places on three wooden benches, George Cooper, author, director, stage manager and leading man, darted here and there, putting the finishing touches to the leading lady's make-up, ordering the dog out of the way, shouting directions.

"Murder in the Red Barn" is frankly a thriller. It tells the story of two ladies of the manor, stabbed in their beds by the villain, who wishes to acquire their ancestral home.

BUT here, as in other thrillers with a moral, crime doesn't pay, and the murderer, tracked down by a detective and identified by a carelessly dropped handkerchief, is stabbed by the faithful servant.

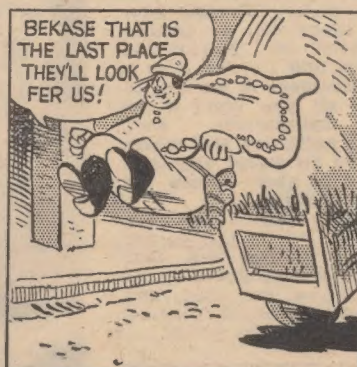
George Cooper played this role with enthusiasm, keeping a watchful eye on the rest of the cast, the oldest of whom was 14, the youngest five.

All are children of working men and women, some of whom are serving in the Forces.

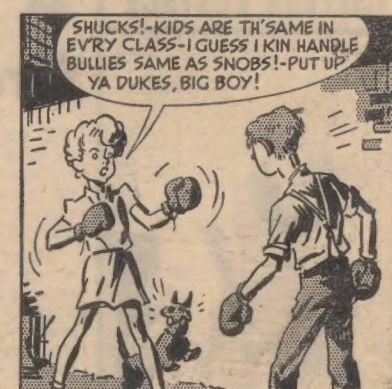
IN the field of communication more effort has been expended in research during the war years than in any other period. Such work is bound to have a tremendous influence on future designs of ultra-short-wave transmitters and receivers, as well as in design and use of valves, aerial systems and cathode ray equipment.

For trans-oceanic communication it is not possible at present to provide a service of television, but there is such an outstanding case for television across the Atlantic that intensive research should continue. A band of frequencies could be allocated purely for such research.

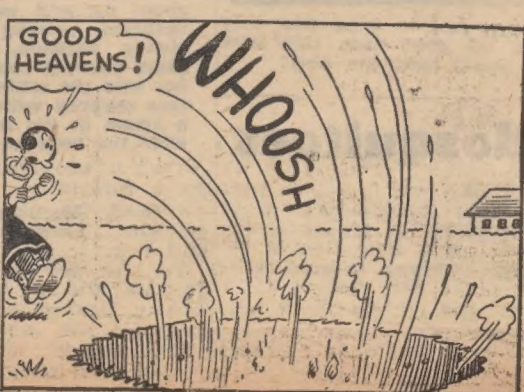
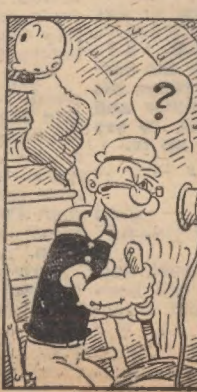
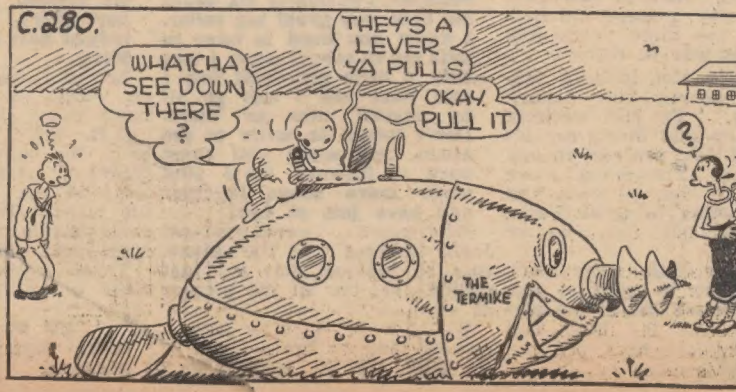
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—451

1. Insert four consonants in E * E * E * and get a famous mountain.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Tea tancon dan oyu vaha ti kace royu.
3. In these four languages the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 4W7D549, C683549, B87263, 36847.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 450

1. RADNOR.
2. He who laughs last laughs longest.
3. Icelandic, Latin, Hindu-stani, Italian.

JANE



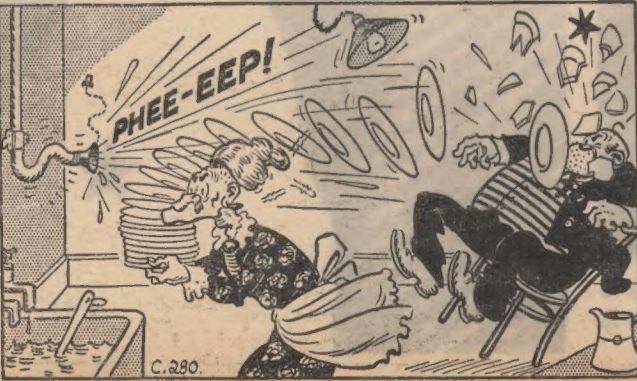
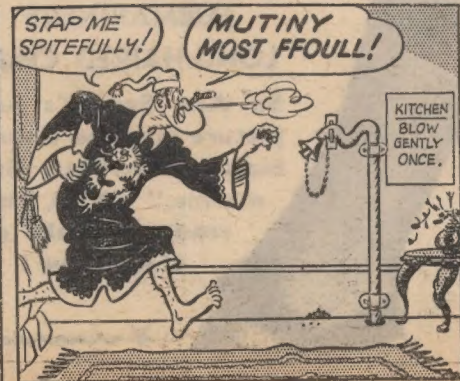
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TEA (WITH CREAM) AT SHAUGH CROSS

EVER heard of the Beery School of Horsemanship? Sounds convivial. But it's not.

It just happens that Professor Beery, of Miami County, Ohio, U.S.A., is the name of the owner of the establishment; and Mr. J. Edwards, farmer, of Mount Clogg Farm, Shaugh Cross, near Plymouth, holds a certificate from the Beery School.

Plymouth lads who take their girls for a trip to Shaugh Bridge, that beauty spot on the edge of Dartmoor, know the Mount Clogg Farm and its teas.

Perhaps some of you boys have sat in the low-ceilinged parlour, waiting for the pot of tea and thick Devon cream to be brought in; and have seen the framed testimonial to Mr. Edwards' prowess. (The cream comes no more.)

It shows that he is "entitled to the confidence and respect of the public," and that he has "complete knowledge of training colts and breaking horses of bad and vicious habits"—all

signed and sealed by Professor Beery. Mr. Edwards, back from time all the lovely summer afternoons at Mount Clogg Farm, and there'll be cream, of course—real Devonshire cream.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 35

1. When Jane said "Meal," Martin said "Golf." What word linked these two ideas in Martin's mind?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Sleeper, Chair, Fish-plate, Rail, Sofa, Wedge.
3. If, in five houses, Mrs. Cadbury lives next door but two to Mrs. Jones, who lives next door but one to Mrs. Treginnis, who lives next door to Mrs. Smith, who lives next door but one to Mrs. Browning, how

many people live between Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Treginnis?

4. A family party consisted of 1 grandfather, 1 grandmother, 2 fathers, 3 mothers, 2 sons, 3 daughters, 2 cousins, 2 aunts, 1 uncle, 2 brothers, 2 sisters, 1 daughter-in-law, 1 mother-in-law, 1 father-in-law, 2 sisters-in-law. What is the smallest number of persons who could have been present?

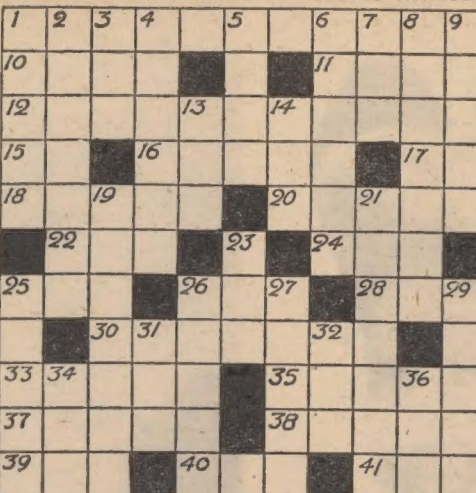
(Answers in No. 513.)

Answer to Test No. 34.

1. Bird.
2. Lanyard is a particular article; others are materials.
3. 50.
4. (a) 8, (b) 320.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



- 1 Reinforces.
- 10 Work hard.
- 11 Verbal.
- 12 Persistent in asking.
- 15 Lieutenant.
- 16 Legal party.
- 17 That is.
- 18 Having flaps.
- 20 Berkshire town.
- 22 Sludge.
- 24 Weight.
- 25 Money.
- 26 Apron-top.
- 28 Doctrine.
- 30 Old ship.
- 33 Doubt.
- 35 Dark-hued.
- 37 Pointed figures.
- 38 English composer.
- 39 Male animal.
- 40 Bird.
- 41 Watch.

GLEE WAFERS
RURAL ROVE
ACUTE CRAGS
BID GATE AH
DIM DIMPLE
C TOPICAL W
AVENUE NUT
LO TRUE MAW
FINAL APAGE
LINE RAPID
DEPART PETS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Calm.
- 2 Old drums.
- 3 Long cut.
- 4 Ran off.
- 5 Obtains.
- 6 Upright.
- 7 Age.
- 8 Races.
- 9 Bad weather.
- 13 Perch.
- 14 America.
- 19 Moving an inch.
- 21 Money.
- 23 Zero.
- 25 Fastening.
- 26 Blissful.
- 27 Assault.
- 29 Unit of length.
- 31 Card.
- 32 Bird.
- 34 Court.
- 36 Beam.

QUIZ for today

mis-spelt?—Cemetery, Symmetry, Centuple, Centenary, Contential.

Answers to Quiz in No. 511

1. Anvil.
 2. Whisky is Scotch; whiskey is Irish.
 3. Bedloe Island.
 4. An aviary is a bird-cage; an apiary is a bee-hive.
 5. Peary, 6th April, 1909.
 6. Insensible, Inseparable.
- BY GUM, CHUM!
AN American soldier presented a piece of chewing gum to be auctioned at a Victory fete and garden show at Bursledon, Hants, in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Fund. It was "knocked down" for £6.

Tarzan never saw Africa

THIRTY years ago a young man who was just walking the floor of a department store went to his boss and asked for a rise—and didn't get it.

It's just as well. If Edgar Rice Burroughs had been given that rise he'd have slept happily at night, and Tarzan of the Apes would never have been born.

As things were, he used to lie awake at night telling himself stories, creating diabolical monsters, fantastic adventures on Mars or in the centre of the earth; and he'd been telling stories to himself for five years before it struck him he might sell them.

To-day, 25,000,000 copies of Tarzan books have been sold in 56 languages. That puts Tarzan away ahead of all other best-sellers.

In addition, there have been over 100 Tarzan films drawn from the 49 Burroughs books, and nine movie actors have played the role of the ape-man.

Yet the man who invented him had never been to Africa. He blundered when writing of Sabor, the Tiger, in the African jungle. He just didn't know there were no tigers in Africa.

Yet the world doesn't care. The public still eagerly wait for Burroughs' two yearly novels—he has bought a 600-acre ranch with his profits—and rules to-day as uncrowned king of a town that has been named Tarzana after his character.

Everyone, apparently, flocks to Tarzan films. The three pictures M.-G.-M. made cost £200,000 apiece, but they each grossed £400,000.

Censor Goes on Leave

IT'S that man again! Still keeping his hand in, by practising his blue-pencilling in the children's book of Nursery Rhymes. The effects he unwittingly obtains must be unique in the annals of censorship.

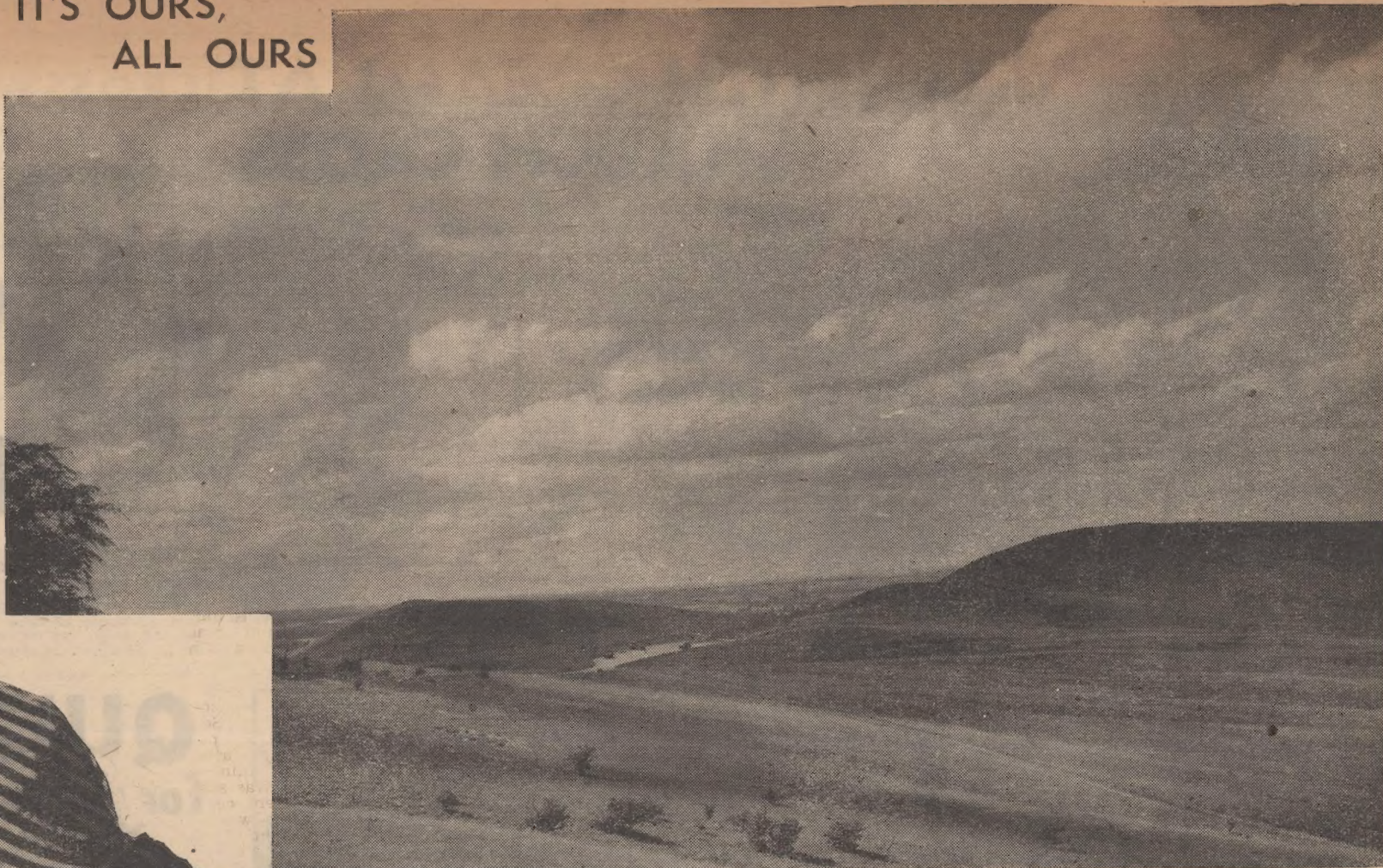
This one, for instance:—

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders
Warming her pretty little
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter,
For spoiling her nice

With how deft a touch it illustrates the age-old conflict between the generations! Indignant mother, bewildered daughter—it's very sad.

Good
Morning

IT'S OURS,
ALL OURS



Spend a morning tramping Ivinghoe Beacon, with the lovely vale of Aylesbury spread out beneath you, and you will be monarch of all you survey — for this is National Trust property.



"It's enough to make any dog's hair stand on end — the names they call me. Gollywog, indeed!"



"Now she's what I call a really nice girl. A fellow could grow very fond of a girl like that."

SUBMARINERS' LONG-HAIRED CHUM

So Ann Savage's next picture is to be Columbia's "Two-Man Submarine." Well, we're ready to make one of the crew!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Think I'll sign on as Ship's cat."

